

## Little Colored Americans.



Pray to be saved from your fool friends.

Milk and water friends are a man's worst enemies.

Whenever Booker T. Washington opens his mouth, he says something.

The "American" published at Albuquerque, New Mexico, has suspended.

What has become of Brother Astwood's wonderful "independent church" plan?

A true friend will not betray you in your absence, nor will he permit another to do so.

Some notoriety seekers are best punished when their names and doings are kept out of the papers.

One Negro who conducts himself properly at a public place makes a stronger argument for civil rights than can be brought out in a dozen speeches.

Most colored men are splendid starters, but most are poor finishers. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but to him who endureth to the end."

The struggle for the office of Justice of the Peace will soon come to an end. The ideas of January are not far off. There is an anxiety in the camp of bar-risters, big and little.

Hon. George E. Mebane of North Carolina, who for the past few years has spent his time traveling for an educational institution, died at his home in Elizabeth City this week.

That Louisville man who killed himself because he was gossiped about died just as he was beginning to reap the legitimate fruits of greatness. When "everybody talks about you," it is a sign that you are not a nonentity.

There are some alleged Christians who are doing more to make infidels than the combined hosts of the Devil and his angels. Heaven will be an uncomfortable place if some of them manage by some hook or crook to sneak in.

The Evening Star takes advanced ground upon the cause of right, whether the case in question refers to Jew or Gentile, republican or democrat, Negro or white man. The Star is no respecter of persons, and is deservedly popular with all classes.

The National Baptist Magazine thinks the late session of the National Afro-American Council was a disappointment to the country. A high and deserved compliment is paid to the painstaking and patient work of Prof. Jesse Lawson, of the finance committee.

What of James B. Parker, the brave black man who struck down the assassin of the President and prevented the third shot? Is there a student at tempt to ignore him? The testimony at Buffalo would indicate as much. Parker must not be permitted to get "lost in the shuffle," as it were.

"Interlopers" build up a town. What would this country be but for the sturdy yeomanry that has come to us from other lands and joined us in the spirit of progress? What would Washington be with only her "ancient inhabitants" to draw upon for ideas, methods and results? Hail, interloper!

## TOLL THE BELL.

(Written expressly for The Colored American)

Hear the voice of acclamation, where Americans unite!

Near the great falls of the nation, where the waters foam and fight

'Neath the mystic radiations of the light amidst the spray,

Many-tinted wreaths of beauty sparkling in the opening day.

Gathered in the Rainbow City with rejoicing, pride and mirth,

People from all lands and countries, viewing progress of the earth,

Hear the Chief of this great nation well the country's growth review,

Opening wide to their attention, future prospect broader view.

Gathered in the Hall of Music for reception to their Chief,

Great and small, without distinction, hail in salutation brief

Him who well has filled his station, firm and faithful, true and tried;

Walking in the path of honor with beloved at his side.

On this scene so full of grandeur, lo! a crippled man appears,

With right hand concealed by bandage; pity rather now than fears.

Suddenly the air is startled by revolver's sharp demand!

And the Chieftain staggers backward, shot, extending friendly hand.

Quick as thought a stalwart Negro, in that moment of suspense.

Empt hand smites the coward and becomes the Chief's defense.

Strikes the well-armed, bold assassin, stunning blow with his right hand;

Proving Negro prompt defender of the ruler of the land.

Consternation in the city, consternation in the town,

As the news spreads forth like wild-fire—President is stricken down!

But a ray of hope is shining from the chamber where he lies;

And the prayers of all the people rise like incense to the skies.

Days pass by with hope and courage growing stronger hour by hour;

Confidence that prayers are answered to the staying of Death's power.

What? A message, strange and startling, that doth every fear enhance;

"Sudden change" "The Chief is sinking—for his life but fighting chance."

Now the eyes of all the nation to that quiet chamber turn;

Supplications, "Spare, Lord, spare him, as thy people incense burn."

But the messages returning offer little hope or cheer,

For his life is ebbing, ebbing and the end is drawing near.

Midnight. Hark! Our Chief is dying! Slow and labored is his breath;

And the watchers wait in anguish the approaching form of death.

"Rouse the Chief that a last message to his loved one may be given."

"'Tis God's will. His way"—now leading to the higher realm of heav'n.

"Good bye all." He's drawing nearer to the living, crystal sea;

And he sings, while watchers listen—"Nearer"—now—"my God to Thee."

Gently, like a child, he slumbers, on his heavenly Father's breast;

Hush! The fitful dream is ended. He has entered into rest.

Toll the bell: tell to the people that our much-loved ruler sleeps;

And throughout our broad dominions, far and near, a nation weeps.

Toll the bell: its solemn cadence to our throbbing hearts doth tell

Of the passing of a spirit which on earth was loved so well.

Toll the bell: repeat the story of a loving, noble life;

Toll the bell: send up petition for bereaved and widowed wife.

Toll the bell: faith still abideth, and the blessed comfort gives,—

Death may rob us of his presence but immortal record lives.

G. CLINTON ROWE.

Charleston, S. C., Sept. 17, 1901.

Buy a Copy.

The Colored American can be found every Saturday morning at Black's Hotel, Walnut street between Fourth and Fifth streets, Evansville, Ind. All the leading journals and race papers are handled there.

## YOUNG MEN'S BUSINESS CLUB.

Have a Healthy Bank Account and is Full of Activity—Mrs. Hackley Scores a Hit—Zionites at Work—The Torchlight Blazes Again.

Providence, R. I., Special—The Young Men's Business Club of Providence, as was intimated in these columns a short while ago, is surely making rapid strides along the road to lofty success. Being greatly encouraged by the most gratifying results of their trolley party and moonlight excursion of the past summer, they once more come before the public announcing their intention of carrying on a grand fair which will be held throughout a week during the latter part of October. The club whose membership at present numbers eighteen men, holds a business session each week and plans are being constantly devised for further progression. They already have a treasury amounting to \$250 and members are gradually being added. The initiation fee at present is \$1.50 but very shortly those wishing to associate themselves with this enterprising body of young men can do so only upon the payment of \$5 as an entry fee. It is the most successful organization of its kind, so far, that this city has ever had. It is expected that a charter of incorporation will soon be sought.

The much talked of "new star," Mrs. Azalia E. Hackley a high class soprano singer, who hails from the far western city of Denver, Colorado, was certainly equal to the great reputation which she bears when on Thursday, September 23, she appeared for the first time before a New England audience, at the Concord Baptist church. She possesses a voice rich in melody and clear in enunciation and won repeated applause from the attentive gathering. Mrs. Hackley was ably assisted by the following well-known local talent: Miss Corrinne Rovello, who rendered a soprano solo and also sang in a duet with Mr. James Lewis; the Mozart Orchestra 4 pieces; violin solo, Mr. T. F. Furlong; clarinet solo, Mr. W. P. Smith; tenor solo, Mr. James Lewis.

Owing to the stormy weather of Sunday the grand rally of the People's A. M. E. Zion church was not quite as successful as was expected. However it will be extended and it is believed by the pastor and officials that a creditable showing is forthcoming. In the afternoon the Rev. Hagan of the A. M. E. church occupied the pulpit and delivered a very interesting sermon. Rev. J. F. Waters was present with his choir, which though small in numbers was exceedingly powerful in volume and added very materially to the afternoon's service.

The New England Torchlight which for some considerable length of time, has failed to show its blaze, was re-lighted on Saturday, September 28th, and under the direction of Mr. John E. Bruce was able to give forth an effulgent light which we trust will be kept burning bright and thereby light up the path to certain success and progress which is so much desired by every wise thinking person of the race.

Mr. John E. Bruce, secretary of the American Protective League, is finely located in a well equipped office, in which he has ample surroundings to conduct the work with which he is so deeply interested. He has acquired a thorough knowledge of the fine points of this worthy enterprise and is prepared to do his utmost in convincing the people of its great worth to the Negro race and the potent influence which it will exert in helping largely to solve the great so called race problem,

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